

## A Secret Shared

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Angie/Peggy.

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><p>It was late when she heard the knock. Not dear-God-the-sun-is-already-up-and-Miss-Fry-will-kill-me-if-she-catche s-me-sneaking-up-the-stairs-again late, but certainly later than Peggy expected visitors who bothered to knock.<p>

Peggy opened the door to find Angie, hair pinned for bed, her fingers playing nervously with tie on the robe she wore over her satin pajamas.

"Peg, I know it's late, but would mind if I came in for a moment?" Angie asked, only briefly meeting Peggy's gaze.

"Of course Angie, come in," she replied, moving aside for Angie to slip in. "Is everything alright? A bad dream perhaps?" Peggy suggested, concern and confusion mixed into her voice.

"Oh no, I haven't even tried sleepin'," Angie dismissed with a light laugh.

Peggy's brow furrowed, now even more worried, but she stayed silent, not waiting to press Angie for answers.

"It's just- well- you know have you have secrets? Oh gosh- I don't mean to say I'm prying. It's not really about \_your \_secrets that I'm here. It's that, well- I have a secret, too. And I kinda wanted to

tell it to you, but if you'd prefer not knowin', we can just share a schnapps before bed or somethin'," Angie says in a rush of words as she paces in front of Peggy.

"Angie?" Peggy interrupts, trying to draw her attention.  
"Breathe."

Angie obeys, taking a long deep breath.

"You might hate me- it's okay if you do. I'll understand if you don't want to be my friend anymore. I just gotta be honest with you, since you're my good friend and all. I probably shoulda told you sooner, but I was scared ya know, and I didn't think it'd matter when we weren't as close and all," Angie continues, trying to express her racing thoughts a little more slowly this time.

"Angie darling, I have no idea what could possibly have you this worked up, but honestly I can't think of anything that would make me not want to be your friend anymore. You're just not capable of anything terrible- heck, I swear I've heard you apologize to a spider after killing it," Peggy responds with a gentle smile.

"Don't-" Angie starts, her voice breaking a little. "Don't call me that please. I haven't told you yet- you can't understand until I tell you," she continues, her voice tight from desperation and sadness.

"So tell me Angie, please. It's okay, I'll listen to whatever you have to say," Peggy pleading with her to believe her.

Angie takes one last deep breath. "Peggy- I'm- I'm queer," she finally admits, tears welling up in her eyes.

After a brief moment of silence, Peggy lets out a soft, heartbroken "Oh Angie."

"You don't- you don't gotta feel sorry for me. I mean, I prefer it to you gettin' angry, but really, it's not so bad most of the time. I've got the theatre, they're more understanding than most, not that I'd ever be too open about it or nothin'," Angie starts to ramble again.

"I don't pity you Angie, honestly. I am sad- sad to think how hard your life must have been- must be- hiding this secret and everything that comes with it," Peggy begins. "But I don't think there is anything wrong with you," Peggy continues, trying to catch Angie's eyes.

Angie glances up briefly at Peggy before looking away, trying hard not to cry.

"I see the same person I've always seen- this wonderfully confident, funny, kind girl. A girl who worries about me, and makes sure that I know I'm not alone. A girl who somehow has faith in me- trusts me- even though I haven't shared my secrets," Peggy gently laying her hand on Angie's arm, begging her to meet Peggy's eyes.

Angie relents, allowing Peggy to see her tear-stained cheeks.

"The only thing that's changed is now I realize that girl is so

much stronger than I ever imagined," Peggy finishes with smile.

"I ain't so strong Peggy. I'm not the one hanging out on balcony ledges after all! I just don't have any other options. I'm just surviving," Angie admits softly.

"Surviving isn't just keeping breathing, Ange. It's a fight that your body and your mind must accept, and there are plenty of battles along the way. Surely you would agree that the men and women who returned home from the war- that we're pretty strong, even though we came back wounded and grieving," Peggy says, her own eyes tearing slightly.

"Of course Peg, but it hardly seems fair to compare that to little old me keepin' my head down and hidin' it all with smile," Angie protests, trying to turn her body away from Peggy, without any success.

"Well, you'll just have to take it from me, strength comes in many forms, and I know it when I see it," Peggy says firmly.

Angie just nods, accepting it, unwilling to fight Peggy.

After a moment, Angie breaks the silence, "I don't- I don't act on it, just so ya know. I mean I've had a few moments here and there, but I'd never- God- I'd never do anything to make you feel uncomfortable, ya know?"

"Angie you never make me feel uncomfortable, really, you don't have to worry," Peggy tries to reassure her, taking her hand and squeezing it lightly.

"I'm just sayin', you don't got to worry about me flirtin' with you, or kissin' you or nothin'. I would never take advantage of our friendship, you've already been too kind," Angie forces out, blushing.

"But what if I liked it when you flirted with me?" Peggy asks, her lips curling into a smile.

"You what? I- I-," Angie stammers, unable to form any coherent response.

"And maybe I wouldn't mind if you wanted to kiss me. Maybe I'd even find the idea quite tempting," Peggy adds, finding Angie's reaction more adorable by the second.

"Yeah?" is all that Angie manages to say in response, looking now thoroughly dazed.

Peggy leans in, close enough to hear Angie's shallow, trembling breaths.

"Angela Martinelli, I have wanted to kiss you from the moment I first saw you smile," Peggy whispers into her ear.

There's a sudden surge of bravery within Angie, and she's able to respond, "So, what's stopping you, English?"

End  
file.